

ALL IN PICTURES

WAR

BATTLE

SERIES

no. 40

✱
30¢

FEAR is a
SOLDIER'S FRIEND

Kent
Curtis

FEAR IS A SOLDIER'S FRIEND



EVERY MAN HAS TWO SIDES – THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE HERO AND THE COWARD. IN WAR BOTH SIDES APPEAR AND SOMETIMES IT IS DIFFICULT TO TELL ONE FROM THE OTHER...

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ON THE 12TH OF APRIL IN THE LIBYAN DESERT THE BRITISH INFANTRY
WERE THUNDERED DOWN

CAN'T TAKE MUCH
MORE OF THIS, SIR! THAT
BLESSED GUN'S CUTTING
US TO PIECES!

NOTHING WE CAN
DO. JUST GOT TO
SIT IT OUT AND HOPE
FOR HELP!

THAT BIG GUN'S
THE TROUBLE. WITH AIR
SUPPORT WE COULD KNOCK
IT OUT AND MOVE ON!

I'LL
OFFER UP A PRAYER,
SIR!

PRIVATE JEFFERSON HUDDLED IN HIS TRENCH...OBLIVIOUS TO THE
KILLING...

NOW, WHERE ARE
WE? C'MON HERE ME
LITTLE BEAUTY...



HE SMILED, BLEARY-EYED...

BLOOMIN' GOOD
BRANDY. CLEVER PIECE
'O WORK - GETTIN' A
LI'L STOCK FROM
THE ARABS...



PRIVATE JEFFERSON WAS HAPPY - STONED, SLOTHED, DRUNK



SUDDENLY, A SHELL EXPLODED - A PIECE OF METAL FLEW OFF AT A TANGENT AND...



HE STARED AT THE SMASHED BOTTLE...A BRIGHT ANGER RAN THROUGH HIM...

WELL, WOULD
YA BELIEVE IT! THEM
JERRY PIGS!



WHEN HE TREMBLED IT WAS NOT FROM FEAR BUT FROM RIGHTEOUS WRATH...

THEY WOULD,
WOULD THEY! SWIPE
MY BOOZE, EH?



STAGGERING SLIGHTLY, HE MOVED ACROSS THE SCORCHED SAND...



THE PRIVATE LURCHED ON...HIS MOUTH WORKING...UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER...



THE GERMAN ARTILLERY HEARD THE CURSES AND FROWNED...



PRIVATE JEFFERSON STRUGGLED UP THE JUTTING OVERHANG - HE SMILED FIERCELY...



THE GERMANS STARED – SHOCKED. HE LOHIED A GRIMACE FORWARD...



BUT THEY HAD PAUSED THAT ONE FATAL SECOND TOO LONG...THERE WAS A MUFFLED EXPLOSION...



THE WAITING INFANTRY WERE ASTONISHED...

BY GOD, THAT'S
THE BRAVEST THING I'VE
EVER SEEN!

I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE IT. THIS'LL GO DOWN
IN THE HISTORY OF THE
REGIMENT!



BY THE TIME THEY ARRIVED PRIVATE JEFFERSON HAD SOBERED UP...

WELL DONE, LAD.
LET ME SHAKE YOU
BY THE HAND!

I'D LIKE
TO HAVE THAT
HONOUR, TOO!



THERE WAS, HE SAW, NO NEED FOR EXPLANATIONS



HE BECAME A HERO - AND AT BASE
CAMP A MONTH LATER...



HE WAS PROMOTED TO CORPORAL AND IT WAS DECIDED TO USE HIM AS PART OF A RECRUITING DRIVE IN BRITAIN...



BUT HE FELT GUILTY - WORRIED...



THE PROBLEM PRESSED ON HIS MIND...HE BECAME MOROSE, SULLEN...



HE WAS DRUNK EVERY NIGHT - TRYING TO FORGET HIS SECRET...



HE WAS GIVEN EVERY EXCUSE BECAUSE OF HIS RECORD - BUT ONE DAY...

CORPORAL, YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON PARADE THIS MORNING!

YEAH, SO I HEARD...



THAT MORNING HE WAS SUFFERING FROM A HUGE HANGOVER...

YOU WILL BE ON A CHARGE! I'LL SEE YOU INSIDE FOR THIS FLAGRANT FLOUTING OF REGULATIONS!

OH, WRAP UP...



THE VOICE IRRITATED HIM – HE SAW THE OFFICER'S PINK FACE. AND A SAVAGE IMPULSE GRIPPED HIM...



THAT WAS THE END OF THE LINE. STRIKING AN OFFICER WAS A COURT-MARTIAL OFFENCE...





LIEUTENANT BRENT'S MEN WERE KNOWN AS THE DESPERADOES — A COLLECTION OF HARD MEN, REBELS, THE DESPAIR OF THE ARMY...

THIS IS YOUR
LAST CHANCE. YOU'LL
REPORT TOMORROW. ANY
QUESTIONS?

NO, SIR. I'VE
HEARD OF THEM.
THANK YOU FOR GIVING
ME A CHANCE.

HE LOST HIS STRIPES BUT CONSIDERED HIMSELF LUCKY...

I'VE GOT TO PULL
MYSELF TOGETHER...NEARLY
HAD IT THAT TIME...

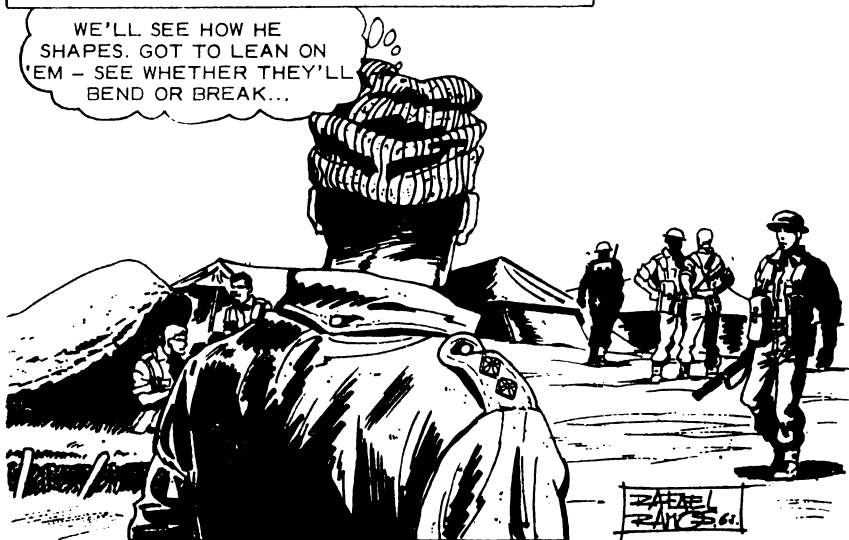
Ooo

HE KNEW BRENT'S MOB WERE TOUGH - AND THE NEXT DAY...AT A REMOTE CAMP IN THE WEST COUNTRY...



LIEUTENANT BRENT DISMISSED HIM BRUSQUELY...

WE'LL SEE HOW HE
SHAPES. GOT TO LEAN ON
'EM - SEE WHETHER THEY'LL
BEND OR BREAK...



SERGEANT WILLIAMS EYED THE NEW MAN...WONDERING HOW HE HAD COME TO BE IN THIS SUICIDE FORCE...

MAYBE IT'S AS WELL
WE DON'T KNOW. OUR JOB IS
TO MAKE SOLDIERS OF
'EM...



IT WAS A JOB THAT NEVER ENDED – MANY MEN DIED. OTHERS WERE BROUGHT IN...



PRIVATE JEFFERSON LOOKED AT HIS NEW COMRADES SILENTLY...



A TALL MAN WITH A BONY FACE SCOWLED AT HIM – HIS ACCENT WAS AUSTRALIAN...

HEY, YOU SCRUFFY
LITTLE BLIGHTER! GIT
THAT GEAR OUTA MY
WAY!

SORRY, MATE.
I WAS TOLD TO PUT
IT THERE...



YEAH? WELL,
I'M TELLIN YA, SEE!
SO GET MOVIN'!

WELL,
I DON'T THINK...



A VICIOUS PUNCH STOPPED HIS WORDS - HE FELL, CHOCKING...



HE TRIED TO RISE - BUT AS HE GOT TO ONE KNEE...



HE WAS OUTCLASSED, OUT OF CONDITION...

OKAY, NOW WE'VE
GOT THAT SORTED OUT.
MOVE THAT GEAR WHERE
I TELL YA!



PRIVATE NED RIGBY THOUGHT NO MORE ABOUT IT - IN THIS MOB IT WAS
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF. NEW RECRUITS HAD TO LEARN THE HARD
WAY...



LIEUTENANT BRENT HAD SEEN THE INCIDENT - HE SMILED SARDONICALLY AT THE SERGEANT...

THAT'S THE WAY TO LEARN, START AT THE BOTTOM. SOON SORT HIM OUT.

YES, HE'LL START TRYING NOW - EVEN IF ONLY TO BE ABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

THE OFFICER NODDED...

WE HAVEN'T A LOT OF TIME. THERE'S A JOB WAITING FOR US - HQ DESCRIBE IT AS EASY. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

YES, BULLETS EVERYWHERE...

IT WAS ALWAYS THE WAY – THEY WERE MEANT TO DO THE DIRTY JOBS...

TOMORROW WE'LL
START THE BOAT TRAINING.
THE SIGNAL'LL COME
SOON.

RIGHT, SIR.
I'LL GET 'EM ON IT
FIRST THING.



SO IN THE GREY LIGHT OF DAWN THE MEN ASSEMBLED ON THE COLD
BEACHES...

NOW ANY OF
YOU MEN CAN'T SWIM?
SPEAK UP!

ME, SIR.





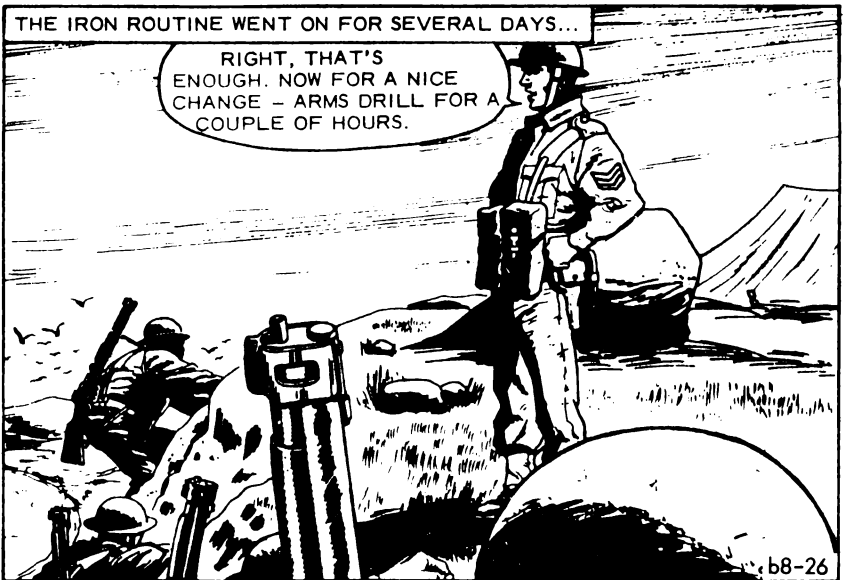
THEY WERE COLD AND WET AND WEARY –
BUT THERE WAS NO RESPITE...

UP – COME ON,
YOU SLOPPY BUNCH OF
BALLET DANCERS!



THE IRON ROUTINE WENT ON FOR SEVERAL DAYS...

RIGHT, THAT'S
ENOUGH. NOW FOR A NICE
CHANGE – ARMS DRILL FOR A
COUPLE OF HOURS.



PRIVATE JEFFERSON ACHED IN EVERY MUSCLE, EVERY MOVEMENT WAS AN AGONY...

WHEW, I
COULD DO WITH
A DRINK...



BUT THERE WAS NO RELAXATION HERE, NO LEAVE, NO PASSES. THEY WERE A FIGHTING UNIT. THAT WAS THEIR LIFE...

GOOD
MORNING, SIR!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
BE - WELL, ARE YOU READY
FOR A LITTLE JOB?





THE WORD FLASHED THROUGH THE RANKS...

OKAY, WE'RE OFF!
WELL, ANYTHIN'S BETTER
THAN THIS HOLE!

YEAH, I'M SICK
OF YOUR UGLY MUG!
WHO KNOWS - MIGHT MEET
A FRENCH FLOOZY...

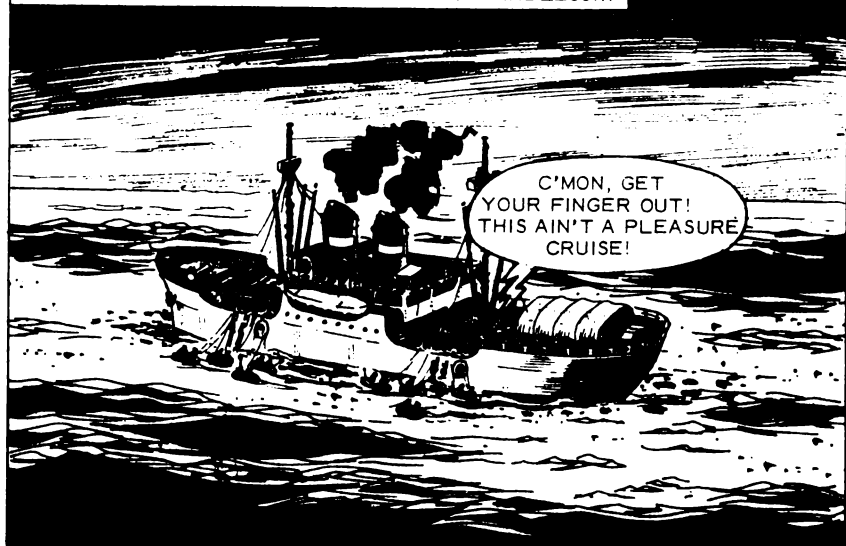


NIGHT APPROACHED - THEY ASSEMBLED ON THE BEACH...A SHIP
APPEARED OFFSHORE...

RIGHT - WE'RE
TO GET A LIFT. GET
MOVING!



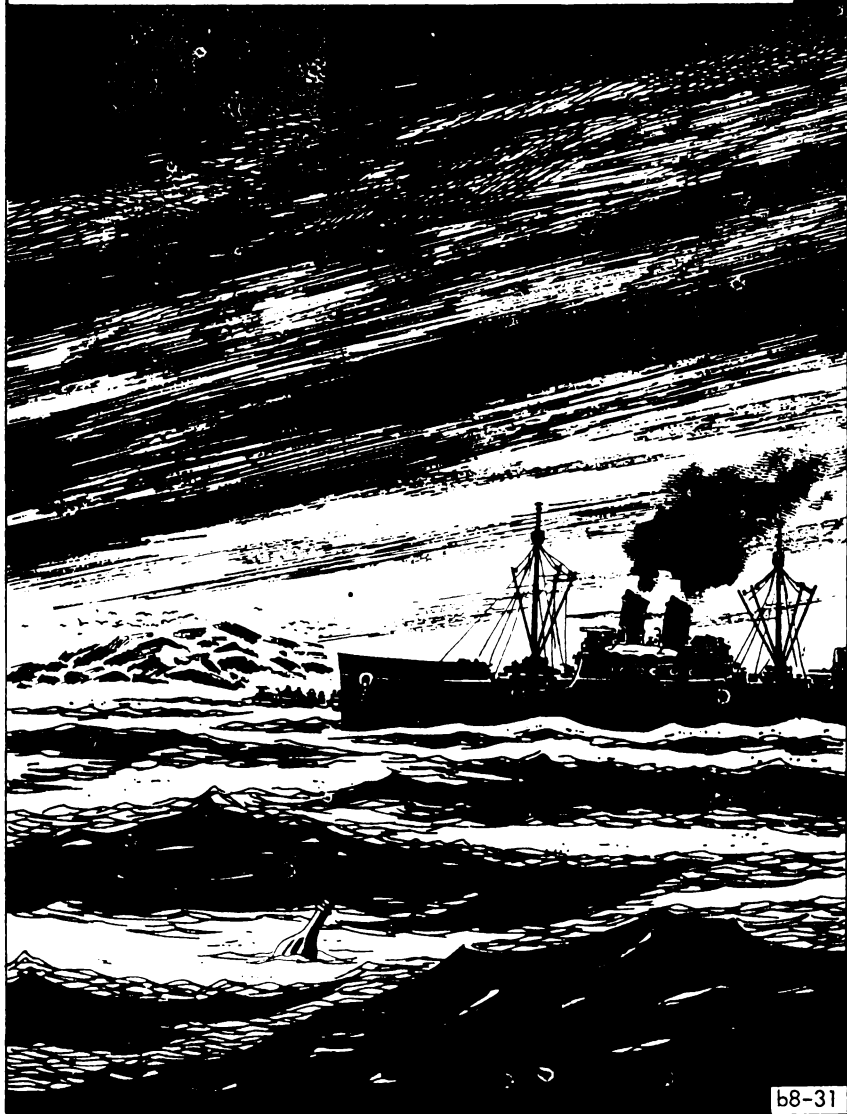
THE NIGHT SKY WAS BLACK – STARLESS...WINDLESS...



PRIVATE JEFFERSON FELT HIS PALMS WET...HE WAS NERVOUS...TAUT...



SOME HOURS LATER THE DARK MASS OF THE FRENCH COAST AROSE...
THE SOLDIERS MOVED IN...



THEY REACHED THE SHORE. THE LIEUTENANT CHECKED THE POSITION...



SERGEANT WILLIAMS TURNED AS THE OFFICER'S GROUP LEFT...

RIGHT, YOU LOT!
GET WALKIN' - YOU'RE IN
THE INFANTRY, AIN'T YOU?

YEAH,
WORSE LUCK...



PRIVATE JEFFERSON FELT RELIEVED THAT HE WAS ON LAND

MAYBE WE WON'T
MEET TROUBLE...MAYBE THE
OTHERS'LL DO IT ALL...



LIEUTENANT BRENT STARED INTO THE GLOOM...AND MADE OUT THE BUILDINGS ON THE SHORE...



A SEARCHLIGHT LICKERED SLOWLY ACROSS THE WATER...





BUT THEY DIDN'T SEE A GERMAN PATROL - UNTIL...



THE BRITISH DROPPED BACK - A VEREY LIGHT FLARED IN THE SKY...

DARN IT. THIS
MESSES UP THE WHOLE
OPERATION!



LIEUTENANT BRENT SAW THE FLARE...HEARD THE CHATTER OF BULLETS...

BLAST -
THEY'VE RUN INTO
TROUBLE!



THE FIRING ALERTED THE GERMAN BASE – SEARCHLIGHTS FLICKERED,
A SIREN WAILED...



PRIVATE PERSON TREMBLED...FEELING NAKED IN THE HAIL OF
BULLETS...



SERGEANT WILLIAMS TURNED...

RIGBY - TAKE
JEFFERSON AND A COUPLE OF
MEN AND SEE IF YOU CAN
GET BEHIND THESE
HUNS'



RIGHT, SIR'

THE MEN ROSE...CROUCHING...

RIGHT, LADS, LET'S
GIVE SOMEBODY A REAL
HIDIN' I'M GETTIN' FED UP'



HEY, A HOUSE
THERE...MEBBE THEY
CAN TELL US
SOMETHING'

A GAUNT FRENCH FARMER WAS PEERING INTO THE NIGHT...HE WAS EAGER TO HELP...

OUI - IF YOU GO BY THE WOOD...THE BOCHE WILL HAVE THEIR BACKS TO YOU!

FINE, FRIEND - LET'S GO...



PRIVATE J. J. PERSON HUNG BEHIND - HE GLANCED AT THE FRENCHMAN ALMOST NERVOUSLY...

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A DRINK, OLD FRIEND? A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO EASE, EH?

MAIS OUI - IT IS AN HONOUR!



THE WINE WAS YOUNG AND FRESH – IT WAS RAW AND FIERY IN HIS THROAT...

GREAT. I'LL
TAKE THIS HERE
BOTTLE ALONG.
OKAY?

A MAN MUST
HAVE SOMETHING IN
HIS STOMACH,
YES?

JEFFERSON RAN AFTER THE OTHERS...HIS NERVES QUIETER...

JUST A LITTLE
DRINK...NO HARM DONE.
DESERVE SOMETHIN'...

THE SHOTS STARTED UP AHEAD...



THE GERMANS TURNED, POURED AN INTENSE FIRE AT THE GROUP...



JEFFERSON PAUSED, FUMBLING FOR THE WINE BOTTLE...

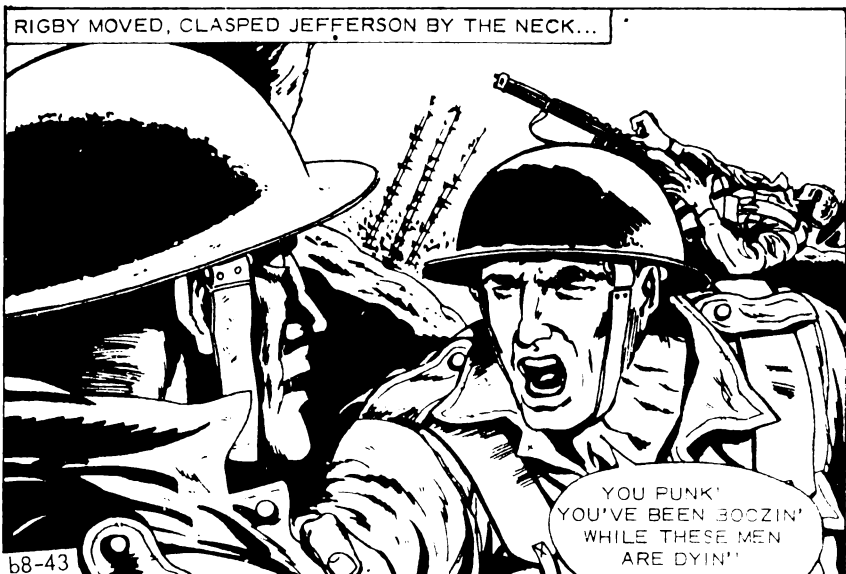
MIGHT AS WELL
SWIG IT...MAY NOT GET
ANOTHER CHANCE...

YOU, YOU
LITTLE RUNT! WHAT
YOU DOING!



RIGBY MOVED, CLASPED JEFFERSON BY THE NECK...

YOU PUNK!
YOU'VE BEEN BOOZIN'
WHILE THESE MEN
ARE DYIN'!







SERGEANT WILLIAMS HEARD THE HEAVY FIRE...



THE COMBINED ATTACK DECIMATED THE GERMANS...



JEFFERSON GLANCED AT RIGBY BUT THE AUSTRALIAN SAID NOTHING...



THE TWO MEN LEFT...



HE WAS SURE, HE KNEW HE HAD BEEN WRONG...



SUDDENLY ANGRY, JEFFERSON LASHED OUT...



HE SCRAMBLED DOWN THE BANK...





DAWN BROKE – THE SUN RISING IN THE SKY...



ONE THING'S FOR SURE. WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ATTACK NOW. THEY'RE EXPECTING US!

COULDN'T WE JUST STORM 'EM, SIR. SURPRISE – CATCH 'EM OFF BALANCE!



YOU'D BETTER STICK TO YOUR JOB, SOLDIER. THAT WOULD BE NOTHING LESS THAN SUICIDE!

SIR, I...

PRIVATE JEFFERSON HAD BEEN LOOKING AT THE CURRENT OF THE TIDE... AND AN IDEA HAD STUCK...



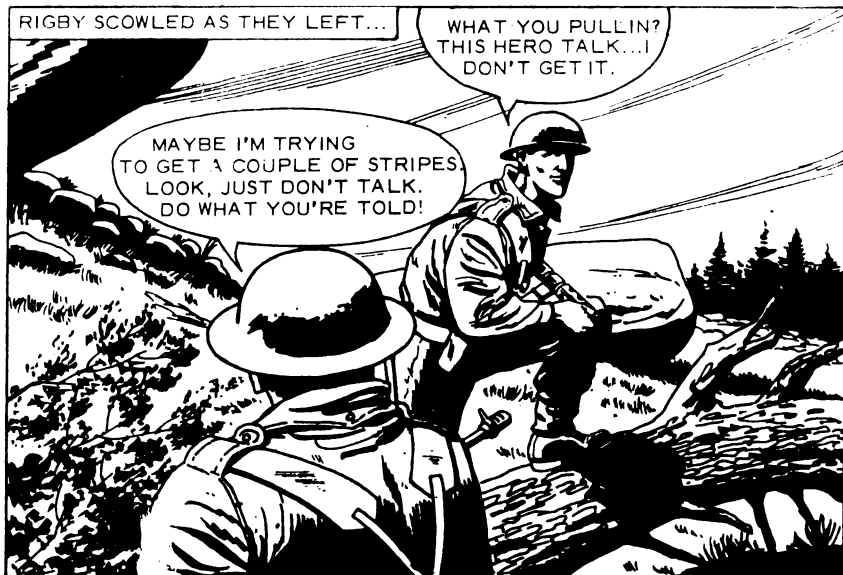
LIEUTENANT BRENT PAUSED...THE IDEA HAD POSSIBILITIES...

YOU KNOW
THE WAY - ANY
PLANS?

NO, SIR. BUT ALL THE STREAMS
WOULD GO TO THE SEA. THERE WAS
ONE A LITTLE FARTHER BACK WE SAW...
BIG ENOUGH FOR MEN TO USE...

VERY WELL - EXPLAIN
THE SITUATION TO SERGEANT
WILLIAMS. WE'LL WAIT HERE - IF
AND WHEN YOU APPEAR
WE'LL MOVE IN!

VERY GOOD,
SIR!





THE CAVERN LOOMED – DARK AND SINISTER AS THE FIRST CRAFT ENTERED...



THE AIR WAS COLD, CLAMMY...





THEN A GLIMMER OF LIGHT APPEARED...BLUE WATER, THE SUN SHINING...



FROM THE SHELTERED ROCKS THEY COULD SEE THE SHIPS AT ANCHOR...



THE GERMANS WERE RELAXED, CONFIDENT - THE SOLDIERS
MOVED FORWARD IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT...



PERHAPS BECAUSE IT WAS DAYLIGHT THE GERMANS WERE
CAUGHT NAPPING...



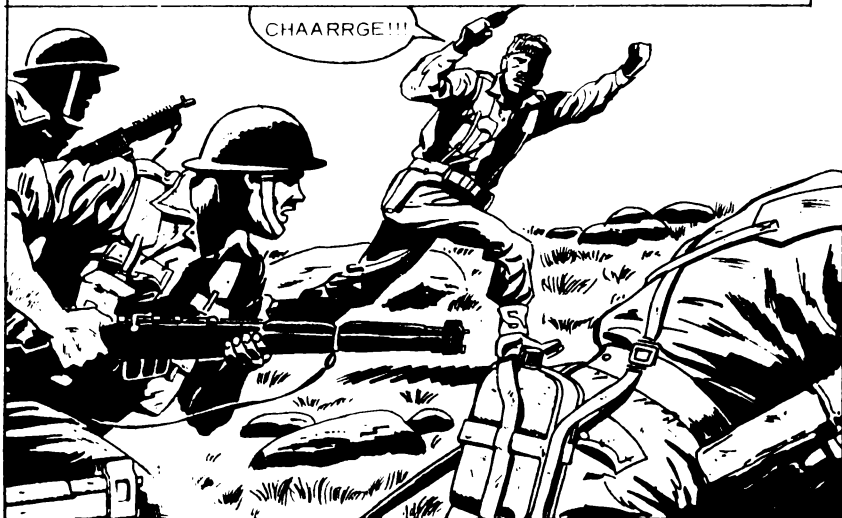
LIEUTENANT BRENT SAW THE MOVEMENTS - HIS TEETH BARED IN A GRIN...



AT THAT MOMENT A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS SHUDDERED...THE SHIPS
SWAYED, SMOKE BILLOWING...



THE GERMANS WONDERED WHERE THE SCREAMING, SAVAGE ARMY HAD COME FROM...



SUCH WAS THE FURY OF THE BRITISH THAT THEY SWEEPED THE DEFENDERS BACK...



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS SILENCE...INGENUITY, SKILL AND FURY HAD WON THE DAY...



PRIVATE RIGBY GRINNED TIGHTLY - JEFFERSON WAITED...TENSE, UNCERTAIN...



IT WAS STRANGE, HE HAD BEEN AFRAID. AND HE KNEW HE WOULD BE AGAIN. BUT SO HAD EVERYONE ELSE...AND THAT MADE IT EASIER. FEAR COULD BE CONQUERED...IF IT WAS SHARED...





SEND FOR THIS **MYSTERY BOX OF STAMPS**

WHAT'S IN THE BOX? It would spoil the mystery if you knew EXACTLY. But we'll tell you a little bit. First, there's AT LEAST 80 Worth-Having stamps which are yours absolutely FREE. Every one is different—some gorgeous coloured picture stamps, some brand-new issues, some from far-off islands, some from steamy jungle countries. You'll want to keep forever this special Mystery Collection. Also FREE there's a certain something every Stamp Collector needs???

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Tell Mum or Dad if you are a junior.

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POSTMAN WILL BE BRINGING
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DAVID HARRIS MYSTERY BOX
BOX 299, P.O. CROWS NEST, N.S.W.



DAVID HARRIS MYSTERY BOX

Box 299, P.O. Crows Nest, N.S.W. 2065
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